

## Nicotine by MadameMadMan

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Bottom Steve Harrington, M/M, Top Billy Hargrove

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Things turn out differently and Steve struggles to deal with everything. Why is everything so confusing?

# 1. Discarded Cigarettes & Questionable Drugs

## Author's Note:

So this is my first story on here. I hope its good, i also plan on adding to it if people actually like it. I totally am cool with constructive criticism so leave a comment!

Steve woke up to the feeling of the world spinning. Maybe sitting up that fast after having a plate broken over his head wasn't his best decision but he decided it wasn't his worse. There was a long list that he didn't really have the mental capacity to shuffle through right at the moment. It did, however, take him a few minutes to realize where he was exactly. The warm light that bathed him was from the Byers front porch light. He shivered from the cold that licked his fingers and found home through his clothes.

A wet cough broke him from his own fuzzy thoughts and he wiped his head over to the sound. Billy fucking Hargrove sat only ten feet from him with an unlit cigarette in his mouth. He wasn't looking at Steve, in fact, seemed not to even know his presence at first. "Where are the kids." at first Steve didn't even realize it was his voice. It sounded far away and muffled. Billy's head turned and he glared at Steve his pupils were blown wide. "Are you high?" God Steve needed to learn how to shut his mouth, he could feel himself dig a metaphorical hole for his own grave. "Prolly, I don't know what drugs your selling those kids." his voice sounded like someone made him eat fucking sandpaper and dirt.

Steve made a face. "Those weren't my drugs, and I ain't selling drugs to no kids. That Tommy Halls job." Billy looked annoyed and he looked away. "You have a light?" the cigarette still hung from his lips just barely. Steve felt around his pockets and sighed. The kids must have stolen it for there stupid plan. "What plan?" Billy's words made him jump, had he said that out loud? Damn, he needed to get his shit together. "Nothing." Steve blurted. His hand felt sweaty all the sudden even though it was so damn cold. "Not nothing," Billy turned and was staring at him with his fiery blue gaze. Was that an oxymoron, Steve couldn't really remember. He'd ask Dustin after he

chewed him out for leaving him alone with Billy Hargrove. "They took my fucking car, where the hell did they go." Steve just stared. "They took your car?" Billy looked at him like he was stupid. "Did you not hear me the first time Harrington," Billy said his name with a sort of venom and malice that shook him. "What the fuck I ever do to you Hargrove. Don't get why you have such a shitty attitude towards me." Billy looked ready to make Steve eat his words but slowly deflated. Billy looked away from him staring ahead.

"I'm sorry." Steve felt like the words gave him whiplash. "You're sorry?" "Yeah, that's what I said didn't I?" Billy bit back. Steve scoffed at him. "You're a real piece of fucking work Hargrove. You've been giving me hell since you got here and now your fucking sorry." Billy sighed and stood up. He took a few steps over to Steve, the whole time wobbling like he was a bit tipsy but Steve knew it was whatever Max had shot him up with. He stuck his hand out for Steve and Steve just stared at it. He'd been in the same position before and had that sick feeling of déjà vu back to practice but still took his hand. Billy hoisted him up and now they were face to face. "Like I said I'm sorry but if I have to say it again I'll take it the fuck back." Steve laughed. "Whatever man." He looked down at the hands that were still together. Billy pulled his hand away and put it down to his side. "There's probably a lighter inside. Joyce smokes like a trucker." Billy stared for a few minutes before moving around him and into the house.

Inside the Byers the pictures that Steve was pretty sure was Will's handy work were scattered everywhere. The ones on the floor were a bit torn because of the previous scuffle from him and Hargrove but that didn't really matter if Steve didn't even know what half of it was. "What is all this shit." Billy waved his hand around as he staggered towards the stove, probably to use it to light his cigarette. "No clue," Steve said as he followed Billy into the kitchen. Billy's cigarette still hung loosely between his lips but it was now lit at least. He was looking through the cupboards. "What are you doing?" Steve still sounded muffled to himself. Maybe he had a concussion? He'd never really had one before so he couldn't base it off of anything. "Hungry." Steve shook his head at Billy's one-worded answer as he watched Hargrove shuffle around.

He made quick work going through all the cupboards, coming up empty and headed for the fridge. Steve felt like ice water had been dumped all over him. "Don't!" Billy startled a little but his hand stayed firmly on the handle of the fridge. He looked at Steve for what felt like forever but was probably only a few seconds before smiling really big and ripping the door open. If Steve wasn't so terrified of the thing that fell out he would have laughed at the yelp that came from Billy as the thing toppled onto his feet. Billy fell back as the weight of the demo dog smashed into his ankles. He squirmed back on his ass and looked up bewildered at Steve. "Uh," God he should just shut up. "What the hell!" Billy was still on the ground. His cigarette long forgotten and had fallen beside the beast's head. "Well, um, there these tunnels that these things are from and the kids took your car to burn the tunnels base or something like that." Steve shrugged. "WHY ARE YOU SO CALM OVER THIS!" Billy all but screamed. Steve shrugged. "I'm actually freaking out, cause if the kids die Hopper is so going to kill me." Billy stared at Steve like he was stupid again. "That's why you're freaking out?" Steve stuck his hand out towards Billy in a means of helping him up. Once Billy was on his feet, still, kind wavering about like there was a slight breeze, Steve turned to him. "Listen that thing is the least of our problems, I mean last year I helped kill on that was bigger and I guess there's an even bigger thing out there."

Steve looked away from Billy cause his eyes were like digging holes in him or trying to burn him alive with fake lasers. "I don't really know much, um, they really haven't filled me in but I guess there's this girl with powers and she's trying to close some gate? It's all confusing but the kids really wanted to help her by keeping those things away. But I told them no. It's probably why they left me here with you. I'm not really welcomed into there party." "There party?" Billy sounded confused. "Yeah, that's what the kids call their group of friends? I don't really understand that either, I think it from some game they pla-" Steve stopped cause out of the corner of his eye the demo dog shifted. He jumped back, letting his eyes scan the room for the bat, Billy already had it in his hands and was staggering forward to smash it in the head. Upon contact it made a sick crunching noise that Steve knew would be in his dreams, just like all the other fucked up shit he's seen in the past year. "Shit."

## 2. Coming Down From The High

### Notes for the Chapter:

There is some abuse in the chapter but it's a bit mild, I guess. It's at the very end if you want to skip it. Again comments welcome!

Billy was still reeling off of whatever Max had injected him with by the time the small Byers house was filled to the brim with people he had only ever seen in passing. The kids all gave him weary glances from where he sat on the couch. In honesty, Billy couldn't really blame them. The last time they had seen him he was in a full rage. Billy did feel bad for grabbing at the Sinclar kid. He didn't deserve it and felt terrible about it but he did want him to stay away from Max. It was easier that way. But no, nothings never easy in the Hargrove-Mayfield house. Steve was over in the kitchen trying to explain, to who he assumed was Joyce, why there was a demo dog in her fridge.

"Kid, we need to talk." Billy felt himself stiffen at the stern voice of the cop in front of him. He and cops don't usually mix. Billy stays in line though, already knows he's in deep shit at home and doesn't need the police to bring him back home on top of every other thing he's already going to get shit for. They step outside into the cold air. Billy shivers against it, would button up his shirt more if he wasn't stubborn towards Hawkin's cold weather. "What you saw in there-" "I won't tell anyone, sir." The police officer looked a little annoyed at being cut off but didn't say anything about it. "Your names Billy right?" Billy looked up at the cop who was lighting a cigarette. He nodded.

"You can call me Hopper. I need you to understand something Billy," He paused taking a long drag from the cigarette before blowing it to the side away from billy like he was a little kid. Billy rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't go telling people anything if you do there will be people after. That ain't a threat either, not from me at least. I can't really stop these people." Hopper gives a shrug. "But you shouldn't have to worry about anything going bump in the night. We took care of it. OK?" Billy nodded and then looked pointedly at Hopper's hand. "Can I get one, my last one got dog goo on it." Hopper shook his head at

Billy but still pulled out a cigarette for him, handed him it and even a lighter. "You should be heading home soon kid, bet your parents are worried." Hopper didn't wait for a response, just put out his smoke and headed back in leaving Billy on the front porch in the cold.

Billy shook against the cold as he smoked, sighing thinking about how much shit he was in. Max came out halfway through his cigarette and stared at him. "What." He tried to make his teeth stop clicking together. "We in trouble?" He eye bore into the side of his head. "Don't worry about it, you'll only be grounded." He shrugged at her when she groaned at that. "Steve said you apologized." Billy sighed and flicked his cigarette away from him. "Yeah, you can tell your little boyfriend I'm sorry for putting my hands on him." Max looked at him like he had two heads. "Yeah, sure I will." She walked off the porch towards the car and halfway spun around, throwing his car keys at him. Billy caught them. He could feel the anger bubbling up slowly but pushed it down and walked towards the car. She was going to get a lot of shit at home and probably didn't need shit from him on top of that. Billy grabbed his jackets from off the floor and slipped it on before getting in the car.

They were a few blocks away from the Hargrove-Mayfield household when Max spoke. "I'm sorry." Billy laughed. "For what exactly? You've done a few things today alone." From the corner of his eye, he could see Max cross her arms and look out the window. "For making it so we had to move here," Max whispered it but he still heard it. Billy gripped the steering wheel hard. "Not your fault." He ground out from between his teeth. "It is if I had just-" "Shut it" He pulled sharply into the driveway and stared at the house.

The living room lights were still on and he could feel the fear pile up in the pit of his stomach. Max opening her door broke him from his spell and he followed her lead, making sure to shove his keys into his pocket in the hope that his dad wouldn't take them from him. Max only made it up one step before it swung open full force. Billy stared at his father whose eyes looked wild. "Inside now." Both Billy and Max stayed quite, walking past Billy's dad and into the house. Partway through the threshold his dad grabbed him firmly by the shoulder, forcing him to look at him. "What do you have to say for yourself." Billy looked away. "I'm sorry, sir." The hand on his

shoulder tightened. "Your forgetting something? What about how irresponsible you are that you lost track of your sister-" "She's not my sister" Billy bit back. Billy felt the punch before he saw the fist even being raised. He felt his tailbone hit the floor and cold even swore he heard it. "I don't appreciate you talking back to me. You need to learn respect. How many time do I have to tell your disrespectful ass to do as you're told." He was in Billy's face, with the collar of his jacket firm in his grip. "I'm sorry, sir." He said again.

His father shoved him back and walked past him. Billy laid there for a minute, getting his breath back before starting to get up, but his dad was there in a second, landing a big booted foot right on his ribs. The air left his lungs and Billy crumpled to the floor. "Remember Billy." He paused making Billy wait for him to finish. "Don't talk back." Billy listened to his dad walk away again but this time he heard the click of his and Susan's bedroom door close before he even attempted to get up. Billy winced in pain at the way his ribs felt hold lightly to his side as he tried to make it to his room without a sound. Once inside he didn't even try to get undressed, just laying in his bed fully dressed and waited to pass out from exhaustion.